

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

No. 19. [NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 12, 1825.

VOL. II.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

ROTHELAN.

BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

IN the thirteenth century, there was a gallant soldier who had distinguished himself much in the wars of the time. His name was Edward de Crosby, Lord of Rothelan. During a visit to Italy, Lord Rothelan married an illustrious Florentine lady, and fell in the Scottish wars, during the minority of Edward the Third, leaving an infant boy in Crosby House, London, under the protection of his brother, Sir Amias de Crosby, an artful scoundrel, who, in order to dispossess his nephew, hesitated not to dishonour the mother, and dispute the legitimacy of the son; to aid his purpose, he called to his confidence Ralph Hanslap, a cool, calculating villain, slow of speech, and quick of thought—wary in taking his aim, but speedy in the blow. Sir Amias caused young Rothelan to be kidnapped; taken to the Scottish camp at Durham, and sold, as a prisoner that would bring a profitable ransom, to an old captain, one Gabriel de Glouwr, of Falaside. Sir Gabriel followed the army, not as a hound that hunts, but one that filled up the cry; in plain English, plunder was his object, and the sacking of Durham afforded him an opportunity of gaining it. On his return, however, he was met by the Musselburghers, who were determined to share in the spoil. Their respectable magistrate most cordially assented to this judicious proposal; and the wives forthwith, abandoning their creels and baskets, began to tie stones in the corners of their aprons, and to take off their stockings, putting stones into the feet thereof; so making them into powerful efficacy in the flourish of free fighting.

When the Amazons of Musselburgh had thus girded their resolution, and thus armed themselves for battle, their valiant husbands drew their swords, and the whole party ad-

vanced with a determined air against their more successful neighbour. The band of Gabriel de Glouwr, seeing the approach of such a formidable array, halted on the heath, not daunted, but only troubled in mind on account of the danger which thus suddenly menaced their booty. Clinkscales, for so the worthy magistrate of Musselburgh was called, separated his forces into two divisions. The burghers he drew up in a compact body, and halted them on the brow of a knoll, while the wives, acting as light infantry, nimbly extending to the right and left, formed themselves into two crescents, and moving at a double-quick time, flourished their weapons round their heads, like slingers preparing to throw, rushed in upon the beevves and horses, and enclosed them within a circle. A parley ensued, in which Sir Gabriel de Glouwr and Clinkscales agreed to divide the spoil.

Under the care of Sir Gabriel de Glouwr young Rothelan remained some time, and was trained in warlike exercises, in order no doubt, to aid Sir Gabriel, who was an avaricious border chief, in his forays. At the battle of Neville's Cross, Rothelan was, however, rescued by the English, who conveyed him to London, where he met his mother. The Lady Albertina, finding her marriage and the legitimacy of her son disputed, sent to Italy for witnesses to prove their truth. Most anxiously did they wait for their arrival, and even the consolations of Adonijah were scarcely able to sustain the spirit of the afflicted lady. This Adonijah was a benevolent Jew, who assisted her ladyship with money, without accepting any return. At last news were brought that the ship was seen in the river; and the story of Rothelan having become ale-house talk, the tidings of her approach caused a great movement in the town. Every man in London, who had heard of the lady's constancy and the Jew's friendship, desired to know the sequel, like a credulous child that is impatient for the retribution at the end of a tragic tale. But there was, at this time a great thirst for strange matter among the people, the hectic of which, some of those who were astrological ascribed to malign aspects of the stars, and other signs and

omens, which daily bore visible testimony to the credibility of certain baleful predictions and pestiferous prophecies, wherewith the whole of Christendom was then much troubled. The trees untimely budded, and brought forth unknown fruit, of which no lip could abide the taste; the ivy slackened her ancient hold of the wall, and shot out branches that bore wonderful leaves; great fishes were heard in the night moaning afar in the sea; and there was a shower of worms.—For an entire month the moon was not seen, and the nights were so dark, that it was feared she had wandered away from her sphere. A holy man seven times saw a mighty hand between him and the setting sun, and it held a great sand-glass run out, which was believed to be a token that the end of time was come. The sun itself grew dim and ineffectual; an eclipse overcame it like an eyelid, and there was a cry that his light was gone out. A fiery star appeared in Orion, and many thought it was the torch of the Angel of the Judgment coming to burn the world. The earth trembled, and vast vestments, with the dark outlines of terrible forms, were seen hurrying to and fro in the skies; and a woman-child was born with two tongues.

Indeed all historians say, that, at this epoch, portents and prodigies became so rife, and yet continued so wonderful, that many thought and feared some new evil was confusing the germins of nature. The minds of all sorts of men were in consequence excited to a state of wild and boding expectancy; insomuch, that every new thing, to which ought of interest or curiosity attached, was magnified into something mystical and marvellous. Thus it happened, that the news of the vessel with the Florentines, though in itself of no seeming importance, was described as having been caught by the multitude as an event by which the destinies of the kingdom were to be affected. Thousands on thousands passed to the shores of the river to see her come; and boats went to meet her, as if she had been bringing home to them all the freightage of some great chance in their fortunes. The Lady Albertina, with Rothelan and Adonijah, were among the first who hastened to greet her arrival, and they stood together at a window to see her pass to the moorings at London Bridge. "It is strange," said the lady, "and what can it portend, that none of the boats go close to her, but all you see suddenly suspend their oars as they approach her?" "She hath had a hard voyage," returned Rothelan; "look how dishevelled she is in the cordage. Some of her topsails too are hanging in rags; and I can see, as it were, strips of green moss down the seams of the others. They have surely been long unhandled."

Adonijah continued looking towards the ship, and appeared thoughtful and touched with care, as he said, "her voyage had been very long—all the way from the land of Egypt—but she was in Italy as she came, and her course hath been in the sunny days with the gracious gales of the summer; yet is she like a thing of antiquity, for those signs of waste and decay are as if oblivion were on board. They have not come of the winds nor of the waves." "The crowd on the shores," added the lady, "grows silent as she passess." "There are many persons aboard," said Rothelan. "Yes," replied Adonijah, "but only the man at the helm hath for some time moved; all the others are in idleness—still, still. A cold fear is crawling on my bones, to see so many persons, and every one monumental."—"Some of those who are looking over the side," said Rothelan, partaking in some degree of the Jew's dread, "droop their heads on their breasts, and take no heed of any object. Look at those on the deck; they sit as if they were indeed marble, resting on their elbows like effigies on a tomb."—"Merciful Heaven!" cried the Lady Albertina, "what horror does she bring?"

At that moment the boats assembled around the ship, suddenly made rapidly for the shore—many of the watermen stayed not till they reached the landings, but leaped into the river; then a universal cry arose and the people were seen scattering themselves in all directions. Rothelan darted from his mother's side, and ran towards the spot, to which, instead of holding onward to the moorings, it was evident the vessel was steering to take the ground. In his way thither he met his old friends, Sir Gabriel de Glouwr and his lady, who, at his request, were still remaining in London. They, too, had been among the spectators, and were hurrying from the scene. The lady was breathless with haste and fear, her mantle was torn, and she had lost a shoe in her flight. The Baron of Falaside, before Rothelan could inquire the cause of so singular a panic, looked at him wildly, and shook his head, dragging his lady away by the arm. "Stop!" exclaimed Rothelan, "and tell me what is the cause of all this?" But they would not stop. He also addressed himself to others, but with no success. "Turn back, come back," every one said to him as he rushed against the stream of the crowd.

The pressure and tide of the multitude slackened as he advanced; and when he was within a short distance of the place where the ship had in the meantime taken the ground, he found himself alone. He paused for a moment: as yet he saw nothing to alarm, but only the man at the helm, who, the instant that the ship touched the ground,

had leaped on shore, and was coming towards him. Rothelan ran forward to meet him, in order to inquire how it was that all on board appeared so motionless; but scarcely had he advanced ten paces, when casting his eyes forward, he saw that each of those who were leaning over the vessel's side, and resting on the deck, were dead men, from whose hideous anatomy the skin had peeled and the flesh had fallen. They had all died of the plague. It was not only the witnesses of Rothelan's legitimacy that fell by the plague, for although the only man that arrived in the ship was excluded from every door, and wandered desolate until he fell down dead, yet the contagion was communicated to the city, where, in its malignancy, it engrossed the ill of all other maladies, and made doctors despicable. Of a potency equal to death, it possessed itself of all his armouries, and was itself the death of every other mortal distemper. The touch, yea, the very sight of the infected, was deadly; and its signs were so sudden, that families seated in happiness at their meals have seen the plague-spot begin to redden, and have wildly scattered themselves for ever. The cement of society was dissolved by it. Mothers, when they saw the sign of the infection on the babes at their bosom, cast them from them with abhorrence.—Wild places were sought for shelter; some went into ships, and anchored themselves afar off on the waters. But no place was so wild that the plague did not visit—none so secret that the quick-sighted pestilence did not discover—none could fly that it did not overtake. Justice was forgotten, and her courts deserted. The terrified jailers fled from the felons that were in fetters; the innocent and the guilty leagued themselves together, and kept within their prisons for safety; the grass grew in the market-places; the cattle went moaning up and down the fields, wondering what had become of their keepers; the rooks and the ravens came into the towns, and built their nests in the mute belfries; silence was universal, save when some infected wretch was seen clamouring at a window.

For a time all commerce was in coffins and shrouds; but even that ended. Shrift there was none; churches and chapels were open, but neither priest nor penitent entered; all went to the charnel-house. The sexton and the physician were cast into the same deep and wide grave; the testator and his heirs and executors were hurled from the same cart into the same hole together. Fires became extinguished, as if its element too had expired; the seams of the sailorless ships yawned to the sun. Though doors were open, and coffers unwatched, there was no theft; all offences ceased, and no crime but the universal woe of pestilence was

heard of among men. The wells overflowed, and the conduits ran to waste; the dogs banded themselves together, having lost their masters, and ran howling over all the land; horses perished of famine in their stalls; old friends but looked at one another when they met, keeping themselves far aloof; creditors claimed no debts, and courtiers performed their promises; little children went wandering up and down, and numbers were seen dead in all corners. Nor was it only in England that the plague so raged; it travelled over a third part of the whole earth, like the shadow of an eclipse, as if some dreadful thing had been interposed between the world and the sun-source of life.

Many friends of Rothelan died; but Sir Amias, followed at a distance by Ralph Hanslap, went murmuring every where in quest of the infection, but he could not die. He confessed aloud, to every one he met, the wrongs he had done to the widow and the orphan, but no one heeded his tale; for all were flying, they knew not whither, from the pestilence. He ran to the house of Adonijah, the Jew, to make restitution.—The door was open, and he rushed in; but a swarm of horrible flies came buzzing into his face, and he heard the sound of swine grovelling in the darkness within. Ralph Hanslap, being summoned before the Bishop of Winchester, confessed his part of his knavery, and Rothelan was restored to his title and estates. He married Blanche, the daughter of the Earl of Lincoln; and Adonijah, "whose household blood" had all perished by the plague, lived and ended his days with the Lady Albertina.

THE HAUNTED HEAD, OR LA TESTA DI MARTE.

It was yet early on a May morning, in the year 1540, when two travellers alighted at the little cabaret, known by the sign of *Les quatre fils d'Aymon* at the entrance of the forest of Fontainebleau. They rode two very sorry horses, and each of them carried a package behind his saddle. These were the famous Benvenuto Cellini, as mad a man of genius as the sun of Italy, which has long been used to mad geniuses, ever looked on, and his handsome pupil Ascanio, who were carrying some works of art to the King of France at Fontainebleau. For particular reasons, Cellini set out by himself, leaving Ascanio; and he, getting tired towards evening, proposed to walk in the forest; but, before setting out, was specially warned to take care, in the first place, that the Gardes de Chasse did not shoot him instead of a buck; and in the next, that he did not stray too near a large house, which he would see

at about a quarter of an hour's walk distant to the right of the path. This house, the host told him belonged to the Chancellor Poyet, who said he did not choose to be disturbed in the meditations to which he devoted himself for the good of the state, by idle stragglers. To enforce his orders, too, he had an ugly raw-boned Swiss for a porter, who threatened to cudgel every one who walked too near his garden wall. There was also a hint of a poor young lady being shut up in this guarded mansion. A long garden, enclosed by a high wall, and thickly planted on both sides with trees, which entirely concealed its interior from view, was at the back, and it was this which Ascanio first approached.

He heard a low voice, which he thought was that of a woman in distress, and listening more intently and approaching nearer, he was satisfied that his first impression was correct. He distinctly heard sobs and such expressions of sorrow as convinced him that the person from whom they proceeded was indulging her grief alone. A large birch tree grew against the garden wall near the place where he stood; he paused for a moment to deliberate whether he could justify the curiosity he felt, when the hint of the hostess that a lady was imprisoned there, came across his mind, and without further hesitation he ascended the tree. Ascanio looked from the height he had gained, and saw a young female sitting on a low garden seat immediately below the bough on which he stood. She was weeping. At length, raising her head, she dried her eyes, and taking up a guitar which lay beside her, she struck some of the chords, and played the symphony to a plaintive air which was then well known. Ascanio gazed in breathless anxiety, and wondered that one so fair should have cause for so deep a sorrow as she was evidently suffering under. In a colloquy which ensued, she exhorted him to fly, told him she was an orphan whom Poyet wanted to force into marriage; and finally agreed to elope with her young lover.

Ascanio clasped the maiden in his arms, and once kissed her fair forehead, by way of binding the compact. He looked up to the wall to consider the best means of enabling the lady to scale it, when he saw above it a man's head looking at them. Ascanio at first thought they were betrayed, but the expression of the face, which he continued to look at, removed his alarm on this head. It was a very fine countenance, highly intelligent, and uncommonly good-humoured. It seemed, as well as Ascanio could guess, by the thick beard and mustachios, to belong to a man of middle age. He had a long pointed nose, bright eyes, and very white teeth; a small cap just stuck on the left side of his head gave a knowing sort of look to his ap-

pearance, and added to the arch expression of his visage, as he put his finger on his lip to enjoin silence when Ascanio looked up at him. "Hush," he said, "it is a very reasonable bargain on both sides, very disinterested, and strongly sworn to. And now, my children, as I have been a witness to it, although unintentionally, I feel bound to help your escape." Ascanio hardly knew what answer to make; but as he saw it was perfectly indifferent to the stranger, who knew the whole of his secret, whether he should trust him or not, he resolved to accept his offer. He told him of the difficulty he had to get the lady over the wall.

While employed on this, three fellows were seen stealing round the walls with their swords drawn. "By St. Denis, we have been reckoning without our host," cried the stranger, "they don't mean to let us part thus. Come, my spark," he said to Ascanio, "you will have some service for that sword you wear, and which, pray heaven, you know how to use. Do you stand on the other side of the tree, Madam," he said, putting the lady whose name was Beatrice, on his horse, "and if the worst should betide, gallop down the path, keeping the high road till you come to Paris; inquire for the Nunnery of St. Genevieve, and give this ring to the Abbess, who is a relation of mine; she will ensure you protection." The lady received the ring, and, half dead with horror, awaited the issue of the contest. The assailants came on with great fury; and as they were three to two, the odds were rather in their favour. They consisted of a Gascon Captain, Sangfeu, the porter, and a servant, who seemed to be in no great hurry to begin the fight: they appeared astonished at finding two opponents, having seen only Ascanio from the house. They fell on, however, in pretty good order. It happened to be the lot of the stranger, perhaps because he was the bigger man, to encounter the servant and the Captain. Just as they came up, he loosened his cloak from his throat, and twisting it very lightly round his arm, he made as serviceable a buckler as a man should wish to use. Upon this he caught the Captain's first blow, and dealt in return so shrewd a cut on the serving man's head, as laid him on the forest turf without the least inclination to take any further share in the combat. The fight was now nearly equal; and to do him justice, the Gascon Captain was a fair match for most men.—The stranger, however, was one to whom fighting was evidently any thing but new; and in less than five minutes the Captain lay beside the servant so dead, that if all the monks in Christendom had sung a mass in his ears, he would not have heard it.

"I have owed you this good turn a very long time, my gallant Captain Sangfeu. I

have not forgotten an ill turn that you did me at Pavia, when you did not wear the rebel Bourbon's livery; but there's an end of all, and you die as a soldier should."—And as the stranger muttered this, he wiped the blood-drops off his own sword, and looking at the fight which was continuing between the Swiss and Ascanio, but did not seem inclined to interfere. "Save him, for mercy's sake," cried the lady. "By our Holy Lady," he replied, "I think he wants no aid. He is making gallant play with his slender rapier there against the large weapon of the Swiss. You shall see him win you, Madam, or I have mistaken my man. Well evaded!—there he has it!" he shouted, as Ascanio's sword entered his antagonist's body until the shell struck against his breast-bone, and the giant fell at the youth's feet. "The varlet may get over it," said the stranger, kicking the servant's body; "but for the other two, I'll be their gage they'll never come out to assassinate honest men on moonlight nights again. But away with you," turning to Ascanio, "we shall have the whole country up in five minutes; begone;" and he held the horse while Ascanio mounted. "But what will you do?" returned the youth. "I am not far from home, and if the hunt should become hot, I'll get up one of these trees; but take care of the horse, he'll carry you six leagues an hour. Good bye, Rabican," he added, patting the steed's neck, who by his pawing, seemed to know his master.

The lovers did indeed put the speed of this noble animal to the test, and his gallop was as wild as if it would never end. But, on reaching Paris, Ascanio was at a loss how to dispose of his fair charge. Cellini was at this time living in an old castellated house on the left bank of the Seine, which had formed part of the Nesle Palace, and which Cellini had called *Il Piccol Nello*.—Almost all the chambers, excepting the few in which they dwelt, were occupied by the numerous works in which the artist was engaged. At length Ascanio's fertile invention suggested to him an expedient, by which he might ensure an asylum for the lady, for a short time at least, until he should be able to explain the whole affair to Cellini.—Among the odd whims which, from time to time, reigned in the crazy brain of Cellini, that of making a colossal statue of Mars, had for a long time been paramount, and he had proceeded so far as to make the head of the figure, when some other freak drew off his attention. This head was about as large as the cottage of a London ruralist, and occupied a large space in the court-yard of *Il Piccol Nello*. The frame was made of solid timber, and the outside covered with a very thick plaster, which was moulded into the form of a gigantic face, representing the aspect of the God of Battles, and a very

terrible affair to look upon it was. Ascanio, who had often been much annoyed by the discordant noises with which his master conducted his labours, and no less by the incessant talking of the old house-keeper Catherine, had found a refuge from both in the cavity of this head, where he had formed a very convenient, and not a very small apartment. Here he used to study painting and music, both of which he loved far better than either sculpture or working in gold; and he had been wise enough never to tell Cellini or any other person of this retreat. He entered it easily by a chasm from the ground, and a small ladder, which he had placed withinside, conducted him up to his chamber.

Cellini's oddities and the unceremonious method he had adopted of getting possession of the *Il Piccol Nello*, had made him many enemies. Among others, there was a wretched little tailor, who had the honour of being employed for some of the Conseillers du Parlement. This tailor became the implacable foe of Cellini. He took a garret directly opposite his house, where he used to watch the motions of the inhabitants of *Il Piccol Nello*, and to soften the exasperation of his mind, he bestowed on them from morning to night all the maledictions his ingenuity could invent. He had heard noises proceeding from the monstrous plaster head in the court-yard, and even sometimes in the dead of the night he had seen two streams of light issuing from the great eyes, but as he had no notion that Ascanio was then within the head, drawing by the light of a lamp, or playing on a guitar, which he accompanied with his voice, the little tailor's fears and malice induced him to spread a report that Cellini was an enchanter, and that the *Testa di Marte* he had made, was some demoniacal contrivance which he had animated for the destruction of the good city of Paris. Not content with reporting this throughout the quarter in which he dwelt, he told it among all the lacquais of all the Conseillers he knew, until at length the story of the Devil's Head in *Il Piccol Nello* was as well known as any other current lie in the city. In this chamber Beatrice was placed.

Meanwhile the Chancellor had found his bullies where Ascanio left them, but could persuade none of the three to tell him what had brought them into so sad a plight, and for this reason; two of them were dead, and the other was so faint, from the loss of blood, that he could not speak, and seemed very likely to follow his companions. He however pursued the fugitives, resolved, in his rage, to devote the youth to utter ruin, as soon as he should catch him; and, in the meantime, he proposed to glut his rage by sacrificing Benvenuto Cellini, who, as we

said before, had made himself many enemies. Aware of Cellini's favour with the King, he was obliged to tread warily; but the superstition of that age rendered a charge of sorcery too grave to be parried. The haunted head was therefore made the hinge on which the artist's ruin was to turn; and the Duchess d'Estampes, the King's mistress, and his Majesty's confessor, both enemies of Cellini, entered into the confederacy against him. The confessor devoutly believed in all the legends of the Romish church, and thought it highly probable, that a man who could execute such beautiful sculptures, as Cellini had exhibited on the preceding day, must be in league with the devil. When, therefore, the Chancellor began to tell his story, these two worthy personages chimed in, and backed his villainous project so well, that the good-natured King was diverted from his first intention, which had been to kick the Chancellor, and to leave the confessor and the sultana (the only two persons in the world of whom he had ever been afraid) to themselves. He said he would see Cellini, who had staid all night in the palace by his orders; and the artist was accordingly sent for.

"How now, Cellini," said the monarch, as he approached, "did I send for you to Paris that you should bring with you troops of fiends and demons, who, it is said, help you in your works?" "I have no devils to help me in my work," said Cellini, "but your majesty's subjects; and if my great countryman, Alighieri, were to lead me through all the darkest places in the *Inferno*, I could not find worse fiends." "But here," said the king, holding out the papers, "two men swear that you have a head of the devil in *Il Piccol Nello*, and that the whole of the neighbourhood is infested by his legions, to the disturbance of the public tranquillity, and the great scandal of our holy church." The confessor crossed himself. "I abjure the devil and his power," said Cellini, crossing himself with no less fervour; "and next to them I hate and abhor the villains who have thus slandered me to your gracious Majesty. Give me to know their names, and I swear they shall be better acquainted with the real devil ere long. The King decided on examining into the matter personally; but Ascanio had married the fair Beatrice before the royal commission got to Paris, and was going to restore the stranger's horse, according to the directions he had received, at the time it arrived at the Testa di Marte, wherein the bride was lodged.

The consternation of Beatrice may be better imagined than described, when she heard the arrival of so many strangers; but it was increased to an almost intolerable degree as she listened to the conversation which ensued, and heard the odious voice of

her oppressor, the Chancellor. She could not see any of the persons unless she had looked out at the eyes of the figure, and this she dared not to do lest she should discover herself. "And this," said the King, "is what they call the Devil's Head."—"Who calls it so?" asked Cellini, fiercely; it is the head of Mars, and whoever has called it the head of the devil, is an ass and a liar!" "Patience, good Benvenuto," said the King; "let us hear what they have to say against the head, which seems to be a very fine work of art, whether it has been wrought by man or demon." The Chancellor, who had taken care on the journey to mature his plans, now produced the little tailor, who saw here a glorious opportunity of being revenged on his formidable antagonist. He, therefore, began a long story, every third word of which was a lie, about the sights he had seen and the sounds he had heard, in and about this dreadful head.—He had often seen the foul fiend himself go in and out, he said; he had heard the devils performing the sacred office of mass backwards; he had seen flames issue from the mouth, and no longer ago than last night, as he was a Christian and a tailor, he swore that he had seen two fiends enter the head, immediately after which it was seen to roll its fiery eyes in a manner truly horrible and awful.

It would be impossible to convey any adequate notion of the extravagances which Cellini committed while this little idiot was uttering his lies. If he had not been restrained, he would have killed him on the spot; he roared all sorts of imprecations, he cursed every tailor that had been on the earth since the creation, and then, adding all those curses together, he heaped them in a lump on the head of the particular tailor then before him; in short, he acted so whimsical a madness, that the King laughed until his sides ached. The Chancellor, however, took up the matter in a much more serious light. He said it was evident from the relation of the witness, that some foul deeds were practised, and that the head ought to be exorcised; never doubting that if he could once gain the assistance of the Clergy, they would invent some pretext on which Cellini might be sent to prison, and knowing that their influence with the King was much greater than his own, the Confessor fell into his scheme readily, and he said he did not doubt that there was a spirit in the head, and repeated that it ought to be exorcised. The King had no objection to this, and as he had already enjoyed the farce so far, he wished to see it played out. Some of the brethren of the neighbouring Carmelite Church were sent for, in all haste, and preparations made for the exorcising. The Confessor directed a large stick of fag-

gots, which stood in a corner of the yard, to be laid around the head; because, he said, the application of fire was always necessary to dislodge a spirit so malignant as that appeared to be which had taken up its abode in this structure. The preparations were soon made, and a torch applied, when a faint shriek was heard to issue from the head. All the bystanders looked aghast; the Priests crossed themselves; even the King looked grave; Cellini's hair stood on end: and the tailor ran away. At this moment Ascanio had returned from the park, and learning from a bystander that they were about to exorcise the Magic Head, at the Italian sculptor's, because there was a spirit in it, he rushed in just time enough to dash the torch from the hand of a lay brother of the Carmelites, who was applying it, and whom he knocked down, at the same time trampling out the fire which had begun to catch one of the faggots.

"Fiends, monsters!" he cried, "advance one step, and your lives shall be the forfeit." Beatrice heard his voice, and almost fainting with terror, she rushed out, and threw herself into his arms. Supporting her with his left arm and holding out his sword with his right, he continued to menace all who should approach. "What means all this?" cried the King. But Ascanio was too much busied in encouraging the terrified girl to listen to the question. The old Chancellor, however, who recognised Beatrice instantly, now thought that his plan had succeeded even beyond his expectation. "My gracious liege," he cried, "this maiden is a ward of mine, whose person I require to be instantly restored to me; the youth I charge with having, in company with others, slain three of my household, and having carried off the maiden by force." "It is false," cried Beatrice, as she threw herself frantically at the King's feet, "they were killed in fair combat, and I went willingly with him to seek protection from the cruelty of that vicious tyrant. Here, at your Majesty's knees, I implore your pity and protection." "But what says the youth?" asked the King, of Ascanio, who had been gazing on him in almost stupifying astonishment. He saw before him, in the person of the gallant Francis, the stranger who had so generously aided him in the Forest of Fontainebleau. "Has he any witness besides that maiden who is too deeply interested in this matter, to prove that he killed his antagonist in fair fight?" "He is one of a band of murderers and ravishers," cried the Chancellor in a rage, "he has no witness." "Thou art a liar, though thou wert a thousand Chancellors," replied the youth; "and since peaceful men like thee do not make war but on weak maidens, I defy thee by thy champion. No, my liege," he added, turning to

the King, and kneeling—"I have no witness, save God and your Majesty." "And may every honest man have witnesses as good in time of need to oppose to perjurors and lawyers. He is no murderer, Chancellor; by my holy patron, St. Denis, I believe he could himself have killed those three murderous villains whom thou didst retain, but know that I helped him—that *I* cut the throat of that traitor Sangfeu, whom, in spite of me, thou didst cherish, to do deeds which thy black heart planned, but dared not achieve. *I* helped him to carry off the maiden, thy dead friend's daughter, whom thou didst basely oppress; and if he had not been there, I had done it myself."

The King and his train then departed, leaving the young people with Cellini, whom the disgrace of the Chancellor had put into mighty good humour. He made Ascanio tell him the story of the fight in the forest over and over again. He kissed Beatrice, and called her his child; he forbade all work in *Il Piccol Nello* for a week; had the wedding celebrated with great magnificence, and said, that of all works he had ever produced, none had made him so happy as

LA TESTA DI MARTE.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

THE PERSIANS IN 1812.

No. III.

The Persians make but two meals. The Turks who, for the most part, inhabit a country somewhat cooler, take more exercise, have three repasts, and eat more. In general the Asiatics eat less than Europeans: this may be attributed to the difference of climate, to the indolence of those who inhabit hot countries, and more perhaps to the greater variety of food presented by European cookery, and to the immoderate use in Asia of tobacco and opium, and of cooling drinks. The Persians eat at ten in the forenoon, when mild food, fruit and sweetmeats are served; at sun-set the table is more largely provided, and *pilaw*, the favourite mess, is a standing dish. They drink at all hours various kinds of sherbet, which frequently is perfumed; this is contained in large vases of porcelain, whence the beverage is taken with wooden spoons, that have a long handle which in general is very handsomely carved. The manner of dressing their food is extremely plain; they know nothing indeed of *ragouts*, and their meals never last longer than half an hour, for they eat quickly and say little. The taste of the Persian is simple; he never

complains either of too much or too little seasoning; neither salt, pepper, oil, nor vinegar appear at his table. They do not rise to eat elsewhere, but their food is placed before him on trays, at the spot where each person chooses to be seated. After eating, warm water is brought to wash the hands, which the Persian wipes on his handkerchief.

The Persian, as the sect of Ali, are Sheahs; the Turks, being of that of Omar, are Soonees. The principal point of difference in their creed, turns on which may be the legitimate successor of their prophet. Of all people, the Mahometans offer up to the deity the most frequent prayers; they have set apart for this purpose distinct periods in every day; the first is offered at noon, (whence the Mahometans reckon their civil day,) the second at three in the afternoon, the third at dusk, the fourth at bed time, and the fifth on rising in the morning; the period of each office is announced by public criers. Whenever a Persian says his prayers, he takes off his shoes, and strips himself of every thing in gold and of all ornamental dress; he lays aside his arms also; then he washes in clear water, after which he takes his little carpet used only on such occasions, with many articles necessary for the service, that are folded within it; these are his Koran, an earthen palet, a rosary, a small looking-glass and comb, with sometimes a few reliques; he who prays, places himself so, that his face may be turned to Mecca. After spreading his carpet, the Persian seats himself on it, resting on his heels, which are drawn close to each other. Then he takes the comb and glass to set his beard in order, after that lays the palet exactly in the middle of the carpet, and then goes on to tell his beads. The rosaries are usually made of earth, which the Persians call holy, because brought either from Mecca or Medina. The beads are about the size of peas, and ninety-nine in number. The palets are of the same material, but of all shapes, round, square, and octagon; they are commonly about as large as the hollow of the hand: the surface is impressed with a mould, and bears the names of God, the Prophet, and the Imauns, with the confession of their faith or sentences from the Koran. The use of these palets is to rest the head on in prostration.

The Persian spirit of devotion leads some of them to undertake pilgrimages. The true pilgrimage, namely that which the law of Mahomet enjoins, is made to Mecca; others, that are made to the Prophet's tomb and those of his successors, at Medina, are not obligatory, but the pure result of piety. The pilgrims generally bear, during the remainder of their lives, the honorary title

of Hadjee, which means a pilgrim: as for instance, a pilgrim named Ibrahim would, after completing this act of devotion, be styled *Hadjee Ibrahim*. The Persians have great faith in their amulets and talismans, which they call *telsam*, whence probably comes our term. There is scarcely, perhaps, an individual in the country, who does not carry one; some indeed are covered with them, and they positively attach these things to the necks of brute animals. These charms are scraps of paper or parchment with inscriptions, or stones carefully enclosed in little bags.

At the present day three distinct languages are spoken in the country; namely, the Turkish and Arabic, besides the Persian properly so called, which is the native dialect. Persons of rank are acquainted with all these, which are learnt even by the women; since they are each necessary for the purposes of general communication. The Persian, a soft language, is that of poetry and general literature: Turkish is spoken at court and in their armies; and Arabic, so peculiarly adapted to rhetoric, is the language of the church. The Persians write, like the Arabians, from right to left. Their paper is soft as satin; they rub soap on it, and then smooth it with glass polishers. The ink is very black and thick, as necessary in order to make that variety of broad and delicate strokes which compose their hand-writing. For pens they use reeds of the thickness of a swan's quill, which they split and point with a long nib: these reeds grow on the shores of the gulf. They hold up the paper in their hand while writing: if the sheet be large, it is rolled at bottom, and unfolded by degrees as required. Asiatics are not in the habit of signing their names, but affix their seal or signet, usually worn as a ring on the finger. Armorial bearings are not used in the east.

Medicine is little known, but is revered in Persia, as well as astrology, of which every proposition is held sacred. They make oil of roses in great quantity, and it is excellent. With the refining of sugar they are unacquainted. The Persians have not made any progress in painting, although they have a considerable taste for the art, and their colours are very beautiful. The ultramarine was brought into Europe from Persia, and the *lapis-lazuli*, whence it is obtained, is met with in abundance, on some mountains of Khorasan. Their music, though somewhat better than that of the Turks, is far from being good. The public buildings and palaces are built of brick in general, but in some instances of well hewn stone. The cupolas, and mosques, and some of their palaces are covered with pottery ware, tiles of various colours, which afford a tolerably good effect. The mos-

ques have one or more towers: in front of the principal door there is usually a square court, paved with white marble and adorned with fountains and baths, in which the Mahometans wash before entering the mosque. The mosque itself is a very plain building, having no other ornament than inscriptions from the Koran. Women dare not appear under the portico, and are not allowed to approach the interior of the temple. The Persians are known to be an industrious people. The best produce of their loom consists in silk and woollen stuffs, in cloths of gold and of silver: their velvets and taffetas are also very fine; and the Persian manufacturers excel in the beauty of their dyes. The most beautiful carpets and the best sword blades are made in Khorasan. Their shawls, those in particular of Cashmere, are well known and much sought after: at present, considering the value of money in Europe, their price is enormous. It is matter of surprise that the shawls, stuffs, and similar products of Asiatic industry, should be carried to such perfection, although with coarse tools, in the east; and that they have not yet been imitated elsewhere with success.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BROOKS.

PARIS THEATRES.

Théâtre de l'Odéon.—M. Ancelot, the author of *Louis IX.*, has produced at this Theatre a new Tragedy, entitled *Fiesque*. It is the conspiracy of Fiesque, of Schiller, cut down to the meagre and straight-laced dimensions of French theatrical *convenances*. The chief incidents of the plot, as exhibited in M. Ancelot's imitation, are as follow:—The scene is at Genoa, where the Comte de Fisque, under the outward appearance of a love of pleasure and dissipation, meditates the bold and hazardous design of making himself master of the supreme power in the state. In this project he is favoured by the wide-spread discontent which reigns amongst the principal citizens, who are indignant at the shameful abuse of power which Octavio, the nephew and intended successor of the reigning Doge, permits himself. Fiesque, however, either from the fear of being betrayed, or dreading to meet with obstacles to the fulfilment of his own ambitious views, has disclosed his intentions to no one except to Hassan, a Moor, whom he had rescued from the scaffold, and in whom he places the utmost confidence.—Amongst the malcontents who are anxious to free their country from the yoke of Doria, are the stern republican Verrina, Manfredi,

Fondi, and other Genoese of rank and influence. They in vain endeavour to make Fiesque declare himself, and lead them to the attack. He still persists in concealing his sentiments, until the people, in revolt, surround his palace, and Bertha, the daughter of Verrina, rushes in, with dishevelled hair and wild anguish in her looks, to complain of the brutal outrage offered to her by Octavio, the Doge's nephew. There is then but one cry for vengeance: Manfredi, who was betrothed to Bertha, seeks out Octavio and poniards him, and Fiesque at length places himself at the head of the insurgents, but dreading the atrocities likely to be committed by the Moor, who is actuated by the most deadly hatred towards the Genoese for having condemned him to death, he sends him on a distant mission. The Moor, who supposes that Fiesque wishes to get rid of him altogether, in revenge, informs the Doge of the designs of the conspirators. Doria, not giving implicit credit to the revelations of the Moor, and relying upon the nobleness of Fiesque, repairs alone to his palace. He soon, however, when there, perceives that the information was but too true, and that he is in the hands of his enemies. But Fiesque is too magnanimous to take advantage of his generous confidence, and, contrary to the advice of the other conspirators, facilitates his escape from the palace. In the fifth act we find Fiesque victorious on every point, and, in a few moments more, he may step into the vacant seat of power. But Verrina, who has taken up arms only to free his country, sees with horror the new thralldom prepared for her. He entreats and exhorts Fiesque to renounce his ambitious designs, but in vain, and, seeing the people advancing to proclaim him king, he draws a poniard, and immolates his friend to save the liberty of his country.—The piece was crowned with success, and M. Ancelot's name announced amidst general applause.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

MEMOIRS OF COOKE THE COMPOSER.

THOMAS COOKE son of the professor at the royal academy of music, was born in Dublin. Having evinced an early genius for music, he studied under his father, and at seven years of age played a concerto on the violin in public, with an effect and precision hardly ever equalled by so young a performer. A talent for composition soon appeared, when he had the advantage of further instruction in theory from the celebrated Giordani, at that time resident in Dublin. It may be asserted, without any chance of contradiction, that no living musician has a greater knowledge than T. Cooke of the

various musical instruments now in use, on nine of which he performed *solos* for his benefit, in one night, at Drury-lane theatre, about four years ago, and for all of which he writes with much facility. At a very early age, T. Cooke succeeded to the directorship and leading of the music at the theatre royal, Dublin. While in this situation he composed several musical pieces, which were eminently successful; but the ambition of ardent genius is seldom at rest so long as there is any thing to attain; and to the surprise of all his friends he suddenly announced himself in Dublin, to perform the arduous singing character of the Seraskier, in the 'Siege of Belgrade.' The play-going part of the town knew not what to think, not having the least idea of his possessing any vocal powers beyond those necessary to join in a glee; but it proved that he well knew his ground, for, to the astonishment of a most brilliant house (it being his own benefit,) he acquitted himself in such a manner as at once to place him on the line of first-rate singers. After this successful *début*, he, at the request of the proprietors, played some nights more in Dublin: and soon afterwards, having occasion to visit London, he accepted a proposal from the proprietors of the English Opera, at which theatre he filled the situation of first singer some seasons, during which time he composed many successful operas. This led to offers from Drury-lane, where he closed an engagement for a series of years as principal singer, and at which theatre he is now engaged as musical director, leader, and composer. His preference to the duties attached to these latter situations, may be naturally accounted for, by their having been the objects of his earliest pursuit. T. Cooke was married early in life to Miss Howells, formerly of Covent-garden theatre, and a singer possessing many first-rate acquirements; having a family, she left the stage. Their eldest child is a daughter, who has a most extraordinary musical talent, being a scientific performer on the piano-forte and harp; and fortunately nature has bestowed on her a voice of the most perfect order, which, under her father's able tuition, she has cultivated to a high degree of perfection. It is the intention of this young lady to devote herself to concert singing, and giving instruction in vocal music, on the principles so very successfully adopted by Miss M. Tree, Miss Povey, Mrs. Austin, &c. who have for some years been also Cooke's pupils. T. Cooke's two sons are students at the royal academy of music; and at the late examination of the pupils of that establishment, one of them was awarded a silver medal. They give every promise of becoming ornaments to the musical profession.

We cannot better prove the estimation in which T. Cooke is held in the various branches of his profession, than by enumerating some of the situations and societies to which he has with unanimous concurrence become attached. He has been elected a member of the Philharmonic society, of the royal academy of music, of the noblemen's catch club, and of the glee club; director, leader, and composer of the music to the theatre royal, Drury-lane; and principal tenor singer to the Bavarian legation, at their chapel in Warwick-street, Golden-square, &c. &c. T. Cooke's publications are numerous, and of extensive sale. He is happy in the esteem of a most respectable private circle of acquaintance: he possesses a lively wit, and his society is much sought by those who appreciate talent, combined with a liberal, unaffected, and cheerful disposition.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

—Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

RUSSIAN MARITIME EXPEDITION.—Captain Litke, on his return from his third voyage to Nova-Zembla, disembarked at Archangel on the 12th of September 1823. In the report which he has published, he mentions having found, in latitude 64° 44' N., and longitude 8° 33' W. the Bay of Matovsky, of which he gives a description. He reached 76° 43' of latitude; but being obstructed by ice, returned to Nova-Zembla. A storm, by which his vessel was damaged, prevented him from completely examining that island in every respect.

ICELAND.—Letters from Iceland, dated in March last, state that the eruption of the volcanoes Klotugjan and Orffldsjokelen has ceased, but that another element had since occasioned the greatest ravages. Kotlugjan had been throwing up with so much force immense masses of water, that the neighbouring country was inundated, and three men became the victims of the phenomenon. The last winter was not cold, although a great quantity of snow had fallen amidst terrible storms of wind.

GAS-BATHS.—The establishment, at Baden of small apartments, in which the gas disengaged from the hot mineral waters is collected and is respired by invalids, has been found a most beneficial invention. In August last, about three hundred persons experienced great relief from inhaling this gas. A similar establishment is about to take place at the baths of the Pyrenees.

ANTIQUITIES.—A young girl of Saint Maxent, in Languedoc, while playing with some other children, found a quantity of bracelets, at the depth of about three feet below the surface of the soil. These bracelets are of gold, and weigh more than ten pounds. There are characters on them which are thought to be Carthaginian.

M. Chompollion has found, among the numerous rolls of Egyptian Papyrus in the Royal Museum at Turin, twenty historical manuscripts, which relate to the 18th and 19th dynasty of Manethon. These precious documents, it is expected, will throw great light on a portion of ancient history, respecting which we have so few remains.

ARABIAN HORSES.—M. Rosetti, Austrian Counsel General, in Egypt, has communicated, in the "Mines of the East," some interesting accounts of the races of Arabian horses, of which there are five: the noblest is the Saklavi, which are distinguished by their long neck and fine eyes. The tribe of Rowalla has the most beautiful, and the greatest number of horses. Among the colours, an Arabian writer mentions *green*; it appears, however, from the context, that it is the colour which we call *sallow*.

UNICORN.—Among the curiosities sent by Mr. Hodgson from Bombay, is a large spiral horn, said to belong to the Unicorn, and with it drawings of the animal, made by a B'hotean peasant. The drawings convey the true image of a living animal of the deer kind, out of the centre of whose forehead grows a horn of the description transmitted. The animal is described as *algregarious*, *graminivorous*, and its flesh good to eat.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MORTAR.—M. Paixham, a Frenchman, has invented a mortar which throws bombs horizontally, exactly in the same manner that cannon discharge balls. This bomb-cannon was lately proved at Brest, in the presence of a committee, composed of superior naval officers, and the success was complete. In consequence of this new invention, large ships will no longer have the advantage of crushing smaller vessels without running any risk. A well-directed discharge of one of these bombs may blow up or sink the largest ship.

Jules Cloquet, surgeon to St. Louis's Hospital in Paris, has been trying the effects of *acupuncture*. He gives the following account of the effects of the operation:—1. Acupuncture acts immediately and constantly on pain, whatever be

its cause. 2. Of those pains, some disappear without returning; others re-appear after an uncertain period; but they are almost always weaker than before the operation, and may be removed again by a fresh puncture. 3. Some pains are only diminished in intensity, without entirely disappearing.

MINERALOGY IN IRELAND.—A number of *aqua marinas* have just been found in Ireland. The specimens were obtained in the sediment of a small stream, which led to the examination of the adjoining mountain, which is granite. In places less solid than others, and where partial decomposition appeared to have taken place, the *aqua marinas* lay loose in the earthy particles.

In pursuance of an order of the Bavarian government, the machines, decoration, frames, wings, and every thing made of wood in the new theatre of Munich, is about to be covered with a kind of newly invented varnish, which is capable of resisting equally the action of fire and water.

USE OF SULPHATE OF COPPER IN CROUP.—Dr. H. Hoffman recommends the sulphate of copper as an excellent remedy in croup, especially after blood-letting. In slight cases he begins with giving from a quarter to half a grain every two hours; in those cases, however, where there is also laryngites, or bronchites, three, four, or more grains are administered, so as to excite instant vomiting.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.

MARQUIS D'ARGENS

History of the State of New-York. Vol. I. Part I. By John V. N. Yates and Joseph W. Moulton. N. Y. 1824. A. T. Goodrich.

It has hitherto been a subject of reproach that we have had no regular and finished history of our State. The only work which has made any pretensions to this title, is Smith's History, which, in addition to many deficiencies and inaccuracies, is abrupt and unsatisfactory in its conclusion. We have now the gratifying prospect of a comprehensive history of New-York, in the labours of Messrs. Yates and Moulton.

The first part of the first volume embraces the portion of time previous to the colonization of the present State of New-York. The authors begin with the consi-

deration of the long-agitated question, "By what means was America originally peopled?" and as a preliminary to this inquiry, they notice the antiquities of this country and the Indian traditions. From a view of the ancient remains in New-York, Ohio, the valley of the Mississippi, Texas, New Mexico, and South America, which the authors have given with great distinctness, they infer the existence of nations, far more advanced in civilization than the indigenes of the present race. In truth, all men who have made this subject a matter of observation and reflection, unite in the opinion that our habitation is founded on the ruins of ancient, populous, and mighty nations. Our historical readers well know that when Cortes first invaded Mexico, he found an ingenious, civilized, and luxurious people. Their buildings were marked with the splendor that is inseparable from refinement, and irreconcileable with a savage state of society. The destruction which followed the Spanish invasion, swept away their polish and their splendor. Yet in this loss, many specimens of their skill in the polite arts were saved, particularly in that of painting. We believe that it was Antonio Mendoza, the first bishop of Mexico, who made a collection of their paintings, with the intention of presenting them to Charles V. The vessel which bore them was captured by the French, and they fell into the hands of Thevenot, geographer to the French king. Subsequently they passed into England. These paintings constituted a portion of their national annals, and exhibited a skill and refinement in arts, only compatible with an advanced stage of civilization. The ruins which lie in all parts of north America, argue with much emphasis against the epithet *New-World*, which has been given to our continent. In comparison with the eastern continent, guided by the *data* of authentic history, it may be termed new; but considered in itself and by itself, it has undeniable claims to great antiquity. The ruined fortifications in the western part of our State, are the commencement of a chain which may be traced through Ohio, the valley of the Mississippi, Texas, New Mexico, and South America; an extent of more than three thousand miles. "Over the great secondary region of the Ohio," says Mr. Moulton, "are the ruins of what once were

forts, cemeteries, temples, altars, camps, towns, villages, race-grounds, and other places of amusement, habitations of chieftains, videttes, watch-towers, and monuments."

Governor Clinton, in his Memoir on the antiquities in the western part of our State, considers them demonstrative evidence of social, agricultural, and cultivated nations. The mighty monarchs that sleep beneath these lofty monuments, the chieftains who dwelt in these once stately castles, the warriors who lined the ramparts of these massy fortifications, repose not in less bodily obscurity, than the mental darkness that broods over their actions, their characters, and their names. We know not whether their altars flamed with incense, or were stained with blood; whether like those of Peru, the pure fire which sparkled on their summits, was kindled by the rising sun, or whether, like those of Mexico, they sent forth the reeking smoke of human sacrifices to the god of war. We know not whether their ministers of religion entered their splendid temples to bend the knee before graven images and golden idols, or to kneel in adoration before the spirit of Jehovah. On all these subjects history has not treated, and tradition fails, long ere it can reach the middle stage of the inquiry.

Mr. Moulton first details the fabulous traditions of the Indians with regard to the origin of man, and the establishment of empires, and then considers those which possess a degree of authenticity. The immediate ancestors of our Indians were the Lenni Lenape, who many centuries ago resided in the western part of America. They migrated in a body, eastward, and after a long journey, reached the Mississippi. Here they fell in with the Mengwe (the Iroquois, or five nations) who had also emigrated from a distant country. These nations united, crossed the river, and after many well-fought battles, expelled the famous Aligewi, who fled down the Mississippi and never returned. The conquerors divided the country; the Mengwe chose the northern part, and the Lenape the southern. These nations were the ancestors of our Indians—but who were the ancestors of those nations? Theorists have discovered them in Europe, in Africa, in Asia, and in the Atlantis of Plato. We have no room for the consider-

ation of their various arguments, but our readers will find them treated in a very luminous and candid manner in this history. Our opinion coincides with that of Mr. Moulton, that the Asian Tartars were the forefathers of the natives of this State.

A considerable portion of the present volume is devoted to the European discoveries and claims to New-York. That America was visited by Europeans previously to the voyage of Columbus, is not doubted by men of information. From tradition we learn that the Scandinavians crossed to this continent in the eleventh century. Records and documents in the north of Europe confirm the opinion, and professor Schrader of the university of Upsal, has lately written a very learned treatise to prove that New-York is a part of ancient Vinland.

The conflicting claims of England, France, Holland, and Spain to this State, are discussed in the course of this subject in a very able and satisfactory manner. The authors furnish us with an interesting narrative of the voyage of Henry Hudson, and with his authentic biography. The present volume concludes with an examination of the title to the soil. In the future numbers the subject is to be regularly continued down to the present time.

The authors have brought to their undertaking, the two great requisites of a historian, fidelity and impartiality. Their research has been extensive, their industry evidently great, and their arrangement judicious. They have had the ability to render their pages not only instructive, but also highly interesting. They have culled the wild and sublime traditions of the lords of the forest, and they have at the same time gathered the authentic annals of travellers, and the speculations of philosophers. And although we do not agree with them on some points, we acknowledge most cordially that we have derived much valuable information on subjects that have hitherto been dark and intricate, and that we have been gratified in a great degree with the liberal, learned, and intelligent character of their work. It is not only a valuable acquisition to the literature of America, but also to that of the world; and its faithfulness, its talent, and its eloquence, both of thought and style, cannot fail to establish its claim to the title

of a standard history. It is a work that should find a place under every roof, and be put into the hands of every reader. We recommend it to the literary world, with full confidence that it will meet ample patronage and strong approbation. B.

THE GRACES.

'We come,' said they, and Echo said, "We come,"
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume :
"We come," THE GRACES three ! to teach the spell,
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell :
"Let *Wit*, and *Wisdom*, with her sovereign *Beauty*
dwell."

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

AMONG the many striking examples of female tenderness, affection, and constancy, which modern times have furnished, the following is worthy of record:—Mr. Weiss, who was town-surgeon of Neumarkt, prompted by that ardent patriotism which inflamed the bosoms of the Prussians of all ranks, at the commencement of the conflict in 1812, exchanged that situation for the post of surgeon to the Neumarkt Landwehr. The corps formed part of the force employed in the seige of Glogau. In the execution of the duties of his office, he caught the epidemic fever. No sooner did his wife receive the account of his situation, than she immediately hastened to him from Neumarkt.—She found her husband in the height of a typhus and insensible, in a cottage at Noss-witz, near Glogau. Scarcely had she undertaken the office of nurse, when a sortie made (on the 10th November, 1813,) by the garrison of Glogau threw the whole neighbourhood, and that village in particular, into the utmost consternation. All its inhabitants betook themselves to flight. She alone was left, with her apparently expiring husband, in the cottage, against which the hottest fire of the enemy's artillery was directed, probably because it was distinguished from the other houses by a tiled roof—Several grenades breaking through the roof, set the floor on fire. Having carefully covered up her patient, and as it were buried him in the bed-clothes, she ran out for a pail of water, extinguished the fire, and again directed her attention to the beloved object of her anxiety. She found him, to her great joy, in a profuse perspiration; but the incessant shower of balls rendered her abode more and more dangerous. A twelve pounder fell close to the bed of her husband, but without doing him the slightest injury. Resolved to die with him, she lay down by his side, and thus awaited their common fate. Noon arrived, and this time the Prussians had driven back the enemy into the fortress. She was earnestly entreated to provide for her safety, as it was impossible

to tell whether the enemy might not attempt a fresh sortie. She, however, scorned every idea of removing to a place of security herself, unless she could save her husband also; and though the removal of the patient was deemed impracticable, she nevertheless determined on this hazardous and only way of ensuring his safety.

Having tied his hands and legs, to prevent him from moving and taking cold, she laid him, closely wrapped up with bed and bedding, in a cart covered with boards, in which she took her stand, and looked at him every minute. She slowly pursued her course towards Schmarsau, but scarcely had she left Nosswitz, when the besieged began to fire from the fortress in that direction. The balls flew thickly about the cart, and the affrighted lad who drove, took shelter, sometimes under it, and sometimes under the horses. She was fortunate enough to escape this danger without injury, and arrived with her patient at Schmarsau, which was already thronged with wounded, and applied for a lodging at the first cottage. The mistress of the house, whose husband had died of a nervous fever, fell on her like a fury, turned the horses' heads, and protested, with many bitter execrations, that she should not cross her threshold. In this desperate situation our heroine had recourse to a decisive expedient. Almost beside herself, she drew her husband's sword, and pointing it to the woman's breast, declared, that she would run it through her heart, unless she immediately admitted her husband. Terrified at this unexpected menace, the other complied, and the patient was carried into the house, which previously contained fifteen wounded. His wife, however, perceived with horror, that her beloved charge manifested not the least sign of life. The bystanders advised her to give herself no farther trouble about him, and offered to lay him out for dead.—To this she positively refused to agree: and laying him in the bed, she incessantly rubbed his stiffened body, and with a tea-spoon administered some wine, the only medicine within her reach. With the following morning, the expiring spark began to revive, and her joy was unbounded. She continued her attentions, and in a few days had the inexpressible satisfaction to see him out of danger. She now obtained a distinct apartment of her landlady, who began to behave to her with more kindness than at first.—When her husband was sufficiently convalescent, she returned with him to Neumarkt, to complete his recovery. Unfortunately, during her absence, one of their two children, a fine boy, was taken ill, and him her maternal care was unable to save. In the beginning of February, her husband again returned to resume his perilous duty with his battalion before Glogau.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 20. Vol. II. of *New Series of the MINERVA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Mary of Keithhall. The Mental Thermometer*; by Maria Edgeworth.

THE TRAVELLER.—*A Visit to Harrow.*

THE DRAMA—*New York Theatre.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Henry Lee Warner, Esq.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Bursting of Steam Boilers. New Voltaic Mechanic Agent. Scientific and Literary Notices.*

LITERATURE.—*Notices of New Publications.*

THE GRACES.—*Woman's Love. Beauty. Nuptial Rejoicings.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*The Play of the Countenance.*

POETRY.—Original and other pieces.

GLEANER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

On working a lead mine, which was discovered a few months ago in Shenandoah county, Virginia, the ore has been found to be remarkably pure and plentiful, and is calculated to yield 75 per cent.

Upwards of one million eight hundred thousand dollars, mostly in silver, were coined during the last year at the mint, Philadelphia.

Mr. Owen, of Lanark, has returned from Indiana, having purchased the Harmony Settlement from Mr. Rapp.

It has been estimated that the consumption of cotton by American Manufacturers, will, this year, amount to one hundred and fifty thousand bales.

A patent has lately been taken out at Washington for an invention, which, it is said, will save three-quarters or four-fifths of the expense of bells now in common use.

MARRIED,

Mr. James Coyle to Miss Ann Patton.

Mr. H. Beacham to Miss M. Furgesson.

Mr. A. Moorhead to Miss Evis Ward.

Mr. J. Van Nostrand to Miss S. Greenwood

DIED,

Rev. John Connolly, D. D.

Capt. L. Hackstaff, aged 69 years.

Miss. L Hunter, aged 17 years.

Mr. B. Stryker, aged 56 years.

Mr. John Koster, aged 71 years.

Robert L. Duhamel, Esq.

Mrs. E. Hatfield, aged 40 years.

Mr. W. W. Mills, Esq. aged 66 years.

Mrs. M. Campbell, aged 49 years.

Mrs. Sarah Miller, aged 63 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

The Lyre of Love, or Cupid's Revenge.

Inscribed to T. T. by his Friend.

Nor you, ye heavenly Nine, who dwell
On Pindus' sun-fired pinnacle—
Nor thee, Hyperion, fair and bright
In robe of self-created light—
Nor you, ye countless seraph throng,
Who rule the stream of sparkling song—
My lay, ephemeral, sues to guide
The wanderings of its narrow tide:—
But god of love, if such there be,
Beneath heaven's spangled canopy,
Rule thou with kindly hand the strain,
Be thine the spur, be thine the rein,
To curb or urge the feeble pace
Of notes which dare thine own wild path to trace.

Stretched glad beneath a branching vine,
That clustered brightly round me,
In vision'd glory's holiest shrine
Some blissful sprite had bound me;
Unslumbering dreams on dreams flew o'er,
My gay delights increasing,
While sylphids struck the lyre I bore
In heavenly strains unceasing;—
But 'twas in vain, such bliss divine
Must droop in earthly soul like mine.

As all unconscious thus I lay
Of earthly woes and sorrow,
Exulting dreams so bright and gay
From heaven awhile to borrow;—
The immortal train came revelling by,
In human joys partaking,
Gazed on my trance with laughing eye,
Nor thought that trance of breaking;
For oh! they knew how brightly rare
Such visions man's dark life could share.

But last and gloomiest in the train,
Sleep, envious sleep, lagg'd slowly,
Alike unmoved by joy or pain,
By rapture bright and holy;—
One only passion moved its spring,
His drowsy soul inspiring,
The same which warms the forest king,
The despot's bosom firing;—
The love of rule, the lust of prey,
A universal thirst for sway.

The poppy-cinctured deity
Awhile stood, on me gazing:
Then slow his dull and sunken eye
In fearful malice raising,
He whirled his wand around my head,
And thrice he waved it over,
And thrice the word of power he said—
His spirits o'er me hover:—
And into slumber deep I fell,
Beneath the magic of his spell.

But when at length the charm was loosed
That bound me in its power,
In vain my wondering spirit mused,
To clear that clouded hour:

In vain I thought, in vain I gazed,
In vain I pondered o'er it;
The lightless veil might not be raised,
That mystery hung before it;
But thickening, deepening, still it grew
More wild in shape, more dark in hue:

For list!—the bower where first I lay,
By branching vine was shaded,
But now the rose and myrtle gay
Were o'er its trellies braided;—
The earth before all dark and bare,
Was now with verdure covered,
And in the mild and perfumed air
Bright feather'd-songsters hover'd,
And even my worthless lyre was gone,
While in its place a brighter shone.

At length with wild conjecture tired,
I ceased so deep to ponder,
And each fair change in turn admired
With still increasing wonder—
And as I seized the glittering lyre
That blazed so bright before me,
A flame of more than mortal fire
Came sparkling gaily o'er me—
I touch'd the string the note that flow'd
Betrayed the sportive Cyprian god:

"Love"!—echoed from the trembling gold—
"Love"! murmured thro' the bower,
And "Love"! still "Love"! was sweetly told
From each enchanted flower:—
The next I struck, and "Beauty" rung,
Still "Beauty" was repeated,
The third spoke "Woman"! fair and young,
And "Heaven"! the list completed;
Then all in angel chorus swelling,
Filled with their notes my flowery dwelling.

Amazement fired my spell, bound soul,
As to their strains I listened,
When suddenly they ceased to roll,
And light around me glistened;
Light, such as heralds in the sun,
At peep of rosy morning—
Light, such as erst from heaven shone,
Of Jove's bright presence warning—
And of such great and high degree,
Prov'd that red flashing light to me.

For rising, reddening, swelling now,
Th' empyrean flame grew brighter,
All blazing round a fair young brow,
Than proud Hyperion lighter;
'Twas Cupid's self that from on high
His sportive course was whirling,
I knew him by his laughing eye,
And lip with mischief curling;
Nor for a moment thus I viewed,
Ere in the bower lie by me stood.

And thus while glories round him play'd,
With countenance of wrath he said—
"Thou that resistest
The yoke of my pow'r,
And strik'st in thy bower
The notes that thou listest,
Thou that despisest
The wail of the lover,
And impiously over
My empyre resist;
Thou that wert scorning
The loves broken hearted,
The faithless and parted,
And madest mock at their mourning;
That lovedst the braying

Of war and its thunder
Cease thee thy wonder,
And lest to my saying;
Since at temple nor shrine
To my power thou hast^{bow'd},
But hard hearted and proud
Hast refused to be mine—
Since thy song hath been ever
Love's raptures disdaining,
Love's purity staining
Each evil endeavour;—
Should my vengeance pursue thee
With fury unsparing,
And dart for thy daring
Its torturings through thee—
The legions of Heaven
Would own that a rebel,
To punishment treble
Would justly be given—
And Erebus wildly
Would yawn for thy tomb,
But Cupid more mildly
Thus wills thee thy doom:
Henceforward thy lyre shall sound all the world over
With the note of *my* music—the wail of a lover!
Thy heart shall grow soft—and thy brow shall turn pale,
And the curling of scorn on thy proud lip shall fail;
Thou shalt bow thee to her whom thou scornedst before,
At the feet of a woman thou'l kneel and adore—
And remember that when in Love's joys thou dost revel,
'Twas Cupid's just vengeance that doom'd thee the evil.

C. T. R.

MY SOUL IN MADRID.

From the Spanish. By Mr. Bowring.

How can I live, fair planet!
From all thy lustre hid?
My body's in Segovia,
My soul is in Madrid.
I'm left alone in darkness,
At every gust's control;
In sorrow and in nakedness,
Without or sense or soul.
Yet o'er my spirit's desert
There towers a pyramid,
With hopes of glory lighted;
Despair must be forbid;
My body's in Segovia,
My soul is in Madrid.

LA FEUILLE MORTE.

Poor wither'd leaf, where dost thou go?
Alas! I do not know.
The stately oak on which I grew,
The tempest overthrew:
And now before the varying gale,
A wanderer pale,
Whether the north wind rudely blow,
Or zephyrs gentle flow
From hill to dale, from wood to plain,
I drive a main;
And only know my course I bend
Where all things end,
Where lies the rose that sweetest blew,
And where the laurel too.

Monody on the Death of Lord Byron.

Proud Wizard of the mind!—On Delphi's hill,
Lo! where he sits and waves his magic wand;

Bright shapes arising at his call, which still
Vary their forms, like clouds by zephyrs fann'd;
Visions of glowing beauty, soft, and bland,
Spring forth, like sunbeams on the evening sky;
Then darker shapes their shadowy wings expand,
And stalk with solemn port majestic by, [sigh.]
While midnight broods around, and mournful breezes

Long o'er the magic breathings of that lyre,
Wrapt in the trance of grief, shall Genius sigh:
Long shall we mourn the Bard, whose thoughts of fire
Were storm-clouds rushing o'er th' autumnal sky!
Vain tribute to his fame!—Th' ethereal eye
Whose piercing glances could the heart unveil,
(That darksome cavern where the passions lie
Coil'd up like serpents in their shining mail)
Is now for ever quenched—those speaking features pale!

At thy behest, great Bard! the spectral band
Of human passions rose in grim array:
Dark shadows! which required a mighty band
Like thine, their changing features to portray:
Emotions that o'erwhelm the mind, and prey
Like worms upon the form which gave them birth,
Wearing, by slow degrees, its strength away.
(Thus strangely art thou made, frail child of earth,
Even to thy very thoughts, a mockery and a mirth.)

ENIGMAS.

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Candle.

PUZZLE II.—A frown and a Smile.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Ere Adam was, my being first began,
Pure and unspotted, till defiled by man—
But stop; I ask that sex's pardon first:
'Tis said that woman's heart made me accurst.
And yet, such love I bear to human kind,
Their choicest blessings are through me consigned,
Relief from pain, and balm for ev'ry ill,
Nor is this all; I other griefs add still.
Gold, silver, precious gems; they are all mine,
Which to their use I willingly resign;
And in return the only thing I ask
Is, that they tell my name, an easy task.

II.

I've heard of one of human kind,
But yet without a human mind;
Who oft is seen from many a plain,
Here and there, and here again;
But chiefly when the sun from high
Descends and views the northern sky,
He with great swiftness daily moves,
O'er hills, and dales, and shady groves;
And yet this mighty man of fame
Is but a creature of the brain.
Then tell me, ladies, if you can,
Who is this fancied wondrous man.

EDITED BY
GEORGE HOUSTON AND JAMES G. BROOKS,
And published every Saturday
BY E. BLISS AND E. WHITE,
128 Broadway, New-York,
Four Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No
subscription can be received for less than a year,
and all communications (post-paid) to be addressed to
the publishers.

J. SEYMOUR, printer, 49 John-street.